Sool.001

Wednesday February 5th 2003

The Underground

"Alice in Wonderland" pg.12

UTSC's dramatic production reinterprets Lewis Carroll's famous works.

Journalism at UTSC can't compete with Ryerson pg.8

The joint programme with Centennial means you'll pay UTSC prices for College courses.

The Satanic Verses causes controversy at the Bookstore pg.19

Teaching Rushdie's text raises ire among Muslim students.

News Editor Shamed!

pg 9

The Underground got scooped by *The Independent*

UTSC's student Newspaper since 1980

Volume 22, Issue 18

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University of Toronto at Scarborough

Student Housing & Residence Life

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The Underground

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Letters and Opinions Policy

At **The Underground** we love unsolicited material, especially letters and opinion pieces. Should such material be typed or printed and delivered to **The Underground**'s snazzy portable by or before noon on the Friday prior to the desired publication date, we will more than likely print it. We kindly ask that submissions be of 800 words or less and that they include the writer's name and student number.

Submissions become the property of **The Underground** and may or may not be published at the whim of *The Editorial Board*. *The Board* reserves the right to poke fun at submissions, post them on the wall in **The Underground**'s snazzy portable (for the enjoyment of our staff and guests) or alter them in print in any way provided it is so acknowledged. By submission, authors implicitly bow down to the total editorial control of *The Editorial Board* and freely consent to the addition witty comments and criticisms (especially in the case of libelous or malicious submissions) courtesy of the snarky editors.

For a more official-sounding **Letters and Opinions Policy** contact ***undergnd@utsc.utoronto.ca***

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editorial

editorial

Last Saturday morning, the NASA space shuttle Columbia broke up over Texas, en route to its landing in Cape Canaveral, Florida. The news media was quick to produce computer simulations and gather eyewitness testimony and video footage. By afternoon, George W. Bush gave a press conference, where he spoke to the American people and the world about this tragic loss of life.

G. W. B. has never made any pretense about his devout religious beliefs and the world has heard much about how he finds great comfort and solace in his faith. But over and over since 9/11, G. W. B.'s faith has been commonplace in his speeches to the American people. In an age when most politicians and thinkers balk at the use of words like "good" and "evil" when speaking about world politics or foreign affairs, President Bush consistently embraces such simple, idealistic language. And when he speaks, especially about events like the Columbia shuttle tragedy, his faith often seems to take centre stage, even though he is President of the United States, which is a secular country. This might not be a terrible thing, to speak with conviction about one's faith. I certainly wouldn't want anyone to feel shame about wearing their faith proudly. But President Bush doesn't just wear his personal faith boldly and proudly, he also makes it the collective faith of the American people when he speaks with the implicit assumption that all Americans are Christians. It's there when he asks us to keep the 7 crew members of the shuttle Columbia in our prayers and asks that God continue to bless America. It's there when he fails to acknowledge that two out of the seven crew members were not Christians. This tone also seems to be present in the way that he speaks of the Muslim community in America as though they are other than American.

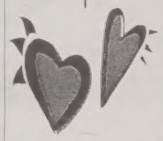
But then again, maybe it's just me. It's Christ Awareness Week at UTSC, and I'm feeling really uncomfortable. I usually like to think that my atheism doesn't colour my judgment, or the way that I interact with others. Then I am suddenly faced with an aggressive pamphleteer in the Meeting Place, or Herbie Kuhn preaching the Good News, and I am decidedly ill at ease. So my skepticism colours my thoughts and words, as much as anyone's beliefs do.

But UTSC is a secular institution. We also tend to be culturally pluralist, and culture and religion so often go hand in hand. As a result, we have compromises, ranging from a Multi-Faith Prayer Space on campus, or supporting a range of clubs that are founded on religious grounds through incidental fees in our tuition. We usually seem to find a good balance and that balance is about the respect for the personal and the private. The negotiation of public space is another beast entirely.

I'm uncomfortable with any sort of aggressive or overt religious recruiting in public places, whether it's a crazy street preacher outside the Eaton Centre, foisting propagandist literature into my hands, or Herbie Kuhn on the stage in the Meeting Place telling folks how Jesus can save your soul (and implicitly, that you're damned otherwise.) I'm not sure I want to say that such things shouldn't be allowed to happen, but I do have to wonder what the agenda is, especially when there is a man with a microphone preaching easy answers and salvation in the Meeting Place. If the idea was to raise awareness about Christianity (which I would say is a mite silly in North America, where Christianity is by far the dominant belief system) then it surely made me aware, though not in any positive or constructive sense. If the idea was to dispel common misunderstandings about Christianity, then I'm not sure a man who quips tidy little nuggets like "I'm not trying to beat you over the head with the Bible. I'm trying to tell you the truth to set you free," is really your best bet. Truth is a slippery thing, and it means different things depending on who you speak to. "The Bible as Truth" argument has a nice ring to it, but only if you're already a believer. Otherwise it's just a book. The Truth might set you free, I suppose, if you could ever be really sure that you'd found it.

Chris McKinnon
Editor-in-Chief

WE LOVE LOVE
(and so do you, admit it!)



We're currently accepting Valentine's Day greetings/personals! Tell that hottie you've been checking her/him out with the safe anonymity of newsprint!

Example -
YOU: Eating roti in the H-Wing Cafe in that sexy way you eat your roti.
ME: Eyeing you from behind my copy of 100 Days of Solitude and beating off. Meet me in the S-Wing stairwell on Friday!

Send your message via the technopoly of the Web to:
underground_love@ace-of-base.com

Sachin says, This year, say it with haiku!

About the Cover

The Underground's News Editor cringes in shame as he discovers that The Independent Weekly beat us to the punch with coverage of the SAC debacle. See Page 9.

> The fact that a believer is happier than a skeptic is no more to the point than the fact than a drunken man is happier than a sober one.
>
> - George Bernard Shaw (1856 - 1950)

letters

Exams are good for weeding out parasites like you!

(Re: "Exams: what are they good for?" by Marjan Tehrani, Vol. 22, Iss. 17)

Dear Marjan,

What the fuck do you want, the world on a silver platter? Undergraduate students don't get to choose the way they're evaluated. What colour is the sky in that self-absorbed world of yours?

"A shitty carpenter always blames his/her tools."

You weren't prepared for university, so it's your old high-school's fault? Wasting time in class "chilling", or playing with "cell phones", and other such juvenile crap. Who's fault was that? Are your high-school teachers supposed to take you by the hand, and give you all the answers? Or are you suppose to be smart enough to find the answers for yourself, to be ready for university? If you're bitching about exams, I'm guessing that you suck at exams. Therefore you aren't smart enough to find the answers for yourself.

So, you want a 4.0 GPA, but you can't do it through the current system. So change the system. Wait a minute. You're an undergrad. You can't change the system! The inmates don't run the prison. WELCOME TO REALITY!!! If you really want to change the system, just go get your Ph D, and UTSC "might" let you have a say. Since you suck at exams, that isn't happening any time soon. (Do you really want to change the system for the betterment of education, or just to suit your greedy, self-serving wants?)

There is a reason for exams; the same reason why half the people failed first year Physics and Chemistry; it proves who can handle university, and who can't. Who earned the privilege to be here, and who is a waste of OSAP.

You said yourself "the real world" has "consequences for fucking up." You fucked up on your exams, who's fault is it? Your old high-school's? Your old teachers? Your TA's? The system's? The Exam's? NO!!! YOURS!!!

"A shitty carpenter always blames his/her tools."

Admit it Marjan, you fucked up on your exams and you're blaming everyone and his brother-in-law, except yourself. Get your head out of your ass! The world doesn't revolve around you! (Thank fucking God for that!) GROW UP!!! This school already has enough self-absorbed, infantile, spoiled, lazy, dog-fuckers, who want their education spoon-fed to them. Wait a minute. Exams usually weed those parasites out.

Have fun in Academic Probation, Marjan!

William CHOW
Class of 2006
Physical Sciences,Chemistry.

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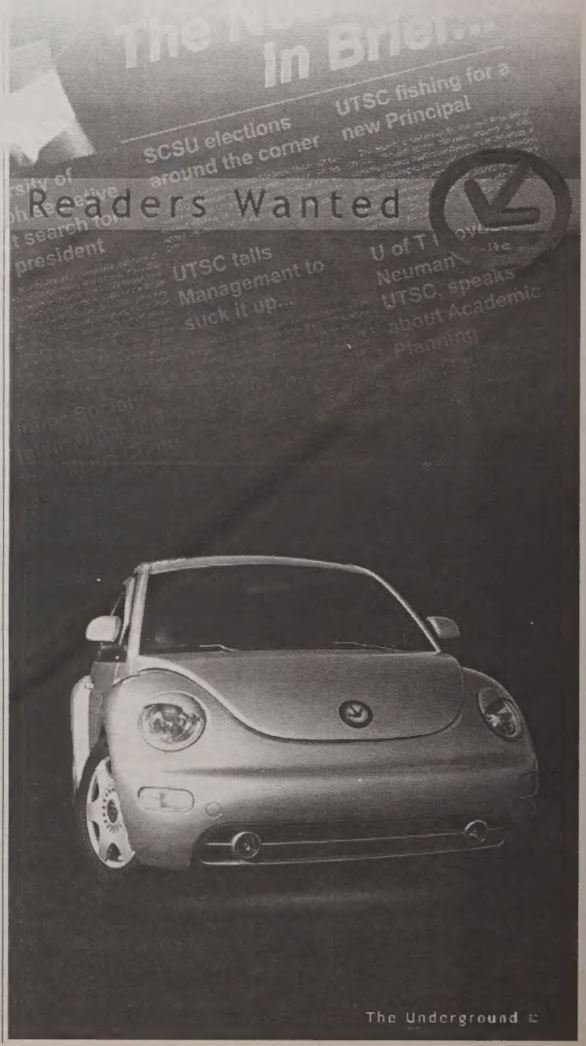


comments

January 18th, US Absurdity, and Why I Protest

James Nugent

On Saturday January 18th, over twenty UTSC students went to a massive Anti-war/Peace protest in downtown Toronto. These students, including myself, joined a national, and global, movement that is refusing to accept the US government's drive towards war. The protest was a success, as are most progressive protests, for it achieved three important results: 1) It raised our society's awareness as to some of the issues surrounding the threatening US-led war. This was evident not only by the fact that the Star and Globe, two relatively status-quo, mainstream media papers, quoted many voices that were yet-unheard or given their rightful coverage. But also, the many people who watched or joined into the rally, or later discussed political issues with demonstrators, learned a great deal about why we object to the current US position. 2) It gave the people of our country an opportunity to voice their concerns and demands which our "democratic" system obviously fails to adequately incorporate; thus in turn, it called for a strengthening or revamping of our democratic system. (We need only to look at the flack that Liberal MP Carolyn Parish has received by her party and the media for even suggesting that Canada *only* go to war with UN (i.e. the Security Council's) approval). 3) Finally, it was an empowering experience personally for those who attended: it allowed us to show solidarity with others from Toronto to Washington to Tokyo who have committed to making a more peaceful and just world; and it helped us to better cope and put into perspective our marginalization from the political decisions of "our" government.

To say that protests "don't do anything" (or "don't work") is not only false, but is also to give up on a higher form of democracy. First of all, as outlined above, protests always have important effects in raising awareness, providing an avenue for dissent when democracy fails (and consequently they also reflect this failure), and are a means of empowerment. And I believe that government policy *is* influenced greatly by demonstrations, sometimes directly and other times indirectly. Even when a protest doesn't change or induce a certain government policy directly, protesting still sets the limits of political options and discourse, and indicates the resistance and sentiments against such government policies. In this way then, the fact that there is a protest on a particular issue *does* put pressure onto the government because to a large degree the government gauges how far it can implement certain policies based on the resistance shown to those policies in the form of demonstrations. This is how anti-war protests during the 1970s brought an end to the Vietnam war, and this is why MPs in Tony Blair's own party have been pressuring Blair to change-if not at least soften-his position (over 400 000 people in Britain protested against Blair's adherence to US war-doctrine). But a true democracy shouldn't require that hundreds of thousands of people take to the street before something gets done. In a healthy democracy, people should be part of the decision making process right from the beginning so that they need not turn to the streets to demand a say in the decisions that affect their own lives.

Many people don't see the value in protesting, and this is a serious problem. I think that those who can't see the point in protesting are perhaps too comfortable in their current socio-economic position: it is easy to say that "protesting is pointless" when you have a place to sleep, a supper to eat, and know that you are not going to be one of the millions of innocent victims of a "US War on Terror" or other imperialistic absurdities. It is easy to stay at home and scoff at demonstrators when you have been given an illusion of happiness and comfort by the Status Quo.

I don't think that voting once every four years (on issues chosen largely by spin-doctors and status-quo interests) is democracy. Why can't we make democracy work the way we want it? Why do we feel so disenfranchised from our own political system? Why are only a few people deciding whether we should go to war? How come I don't feel like I am fully informed on the issues surrounding such a war, and why, despite this, is our government moving towards war?? Before our country goes around the world supporting bombing campaigns (e.g. Afghanistan) and free trade agreements (e.g. FTAA) in the name of democracy, I think it is crucial that we first answer these types of questions and create a democracy in which every person in Canada is actively and equally involved.

Of course, I think there are other important reasons for opposing the war besides demonstrating against the *way* in which our government is undemocratically supporting the US drive to war (although this is reason enough to protest). I also think that the US (and the countries following the US lead) cannot justify attacking Iraq.

The US has not proven or even remotely demonstrated that Iraq poises any kind of military threat to the US. Weapons of mass destruction have not been found by UN inspectors, let alone any type of mechanism or intent of detonating them. And besides, many countries have weapons of mass destruction-with the US themselves having the most. Despite linking the "threat of Iraq" in every possible way to the "threat of terrorism" as a pretext to justifying the attack on Iraq, the US has not been able to find a link between the September 11 terrorist attack and the Iraqi government. If anything, I wonder if attacking Iraq will only help foster the conditions and sentiments necessary for terrorists to carry out ploys against the US, thus *increasing* the danger of terrorist attacks in the future. In fact, the US government and much of mainstream media, have muddled any reasoned discussion over the issues surrounding Iraq, sanctions, the justification (or lack thereof) for war, and problematic US foreign policy, through the vague and distorting notion of a "War on Terrorism." Anyone who does not prescribe and accept the edict of the "War of Terrorism" is silenced and even criminalized. If anything, the "War on Terrorism" has been a "War Against Democracy and Humanity": it has lead to racist border policies, new terrorism laws that undermine civil liberties, and fostered a more racist and ignorant social environment, and now threatens to slaughter and displace perhaps millions of innocent Iraqis.

We no longer see the horror of war. If a war such a good idea, how come we don't hear of the casualties unless they are one of the few Canadian or American soldiers who die? Is an Iraqi life inherently less valuable than a Canadian life? If we are so justified in bombing another country, why don't we see footage of those who are grotesquely being killed? Instead, our media shows the smart bomb going down the chimney hitting its target "cleanly". We remove ourselves from the casualties and horror of war by bombing cities from thousands of meters above the ground in fighter jets. And most recently, we even send in pilot-less drone planes to carry out the destruction while we direct it via remote-control from the comfort of headquarters. This is not to begin to talk about how our culture glorifies, heorizes and thus promotes war.

So if the US cannot justify going to war in the name of combating "terrorism" or to uphold democratic ideals (which they are undermining in the process) or to rid the world of weapons of mass destruction or to remove a leader which they helped put into power, then why *are* they going to war? Oil? Global hegemony? $400billion annual defence budget? Elections? Personal family revenge of Bush? Imperialistic drives? Or a genuine sense of fear and moral (and dangerously reductionist) crusade against "Evil"? Whatever the answer is, I think that answering these type of questions is where the level of debate should be. But unfortunately, it seems like reasoned debate and discussion over such notions have been the first victim of the "War on Terrorism", having been muddled and constrained by hysteria, hate propaganda and disinformation (or "selective information") campaigns. And with our government eroding our sovereignty by jumping onto the war bandwagon and accepting US directorate on a host of other issues (economic policies, immigration and refuge laws, even energy regulation!), I think it is a critical time for every Canadian to examine what it is we *are* supporting by supporting this US-led war and other US policies?

The News In Brief...

Bodies and Business.

Tuesday, January 28th, the Meeting Place was packed with info booths telling you what you were doing wrong. You even got sold to Nestle, who were giving out samples of their fantabulous Instant Breakfast chalk drink. The highlight of the day was, of course, girls in spandex jumping up and down performing their Tai-Bo workout to pop house, scaring the bejeezus out of the unsuspecting passers-by. And you think The Underground is misogynist.

Blood-types and Blazing (tongue-heat)

The Wellness Fair was promoting health and though the booths were making typical propagandist pitches against things like drinking (apparently only 8% of university students ever miss class due to drinking; I think they are lying), smoking (come test how hard you can blow carbon monoxide into a, um, thing, and come back in 4 weeks to pee in a cup for us!), and unprotected sex (meh), there were also more positive booths such as the I'm-Going-to-Tell-You-What-You-Are-Going-to-Be-When-You-Grow-Up-Based-on-Your-Blood-Type-Booth (results won't be verified until the first time you give blood…).

While this career-by-blood-type business may seem a bit superstitious, in the next stall the Toronto School of Traditional Chinese Medicine was testing the interested parties' "heat" by examining the color of the tips of their tongues. Apparently a redder-than-average tongue tip is the visible manifestation of anxiety, anger, and stress. Even more astonishing than the idea that someone would believe such witch-doctor mumbo-jumbo is the fact that it seems to be fairly accurate. The school's President, Mary Wu, then offerred to stick tiny needles into the angry inquisitors - an attempt to remove the excess "heat" and calm the energy via acupuncture. Acupuncture is recognized by the World Health Organization as a legitimate practice, and the verdict from the guinea pigs was that it was "weird, but amazingly it worked."

If uncultured readers are curious: antlers that one would find in a traditional Chinese herb shop are to increase "heat" and energy.

Battles (with depression) and (drugs are) Bad.

Other attractions at the Wellness Fair included a booth for the Mobile Crisis Program, which is a free mental health service for anyone needing emotional or mental assistance (call 416.289.2434 if you ever need), and the Substance Abuse Program for African Canadian and Caribbean Youth (SAPACCY), a program designed to address racism and culturally specific problems associated with substance abuse within this minority, though their drug-info pamphlets were oddly no different than any other drug-info pamphlet. Crack is Crack.

Bibles and Booze.

UTSC was host to acclaimed author Lisa Moore on Friday, January 31. To protect us all from the embarrassment of poor attendance, the reading was held in room H-402-max capacity forty people. The reading was held during a lecture with a class size of about thirty; an additional seven or so interested guests who were not part of the class attended - this includes the school's professional photographer.

Moore read from "Grace"; one of a collection of short stories from her book Open, which was short-listed for the 2002 Giller Prize.

Moore said that she was very interested in the issue of vulnerability, and "Grace" is certainly an example of this. A husband and wife - Philip and Eleanor - attend a friend's wedding. Philip has decided, for he and his wife, that they were to have an "open marriage" and he brings his latest girlfriend along with him to the wedding. The story unfolds as Eleanor gets "very, very drunk," and attempts to deal with her love for Philip, and her feelings towards the permitted infidelity. And, as any true literary critic would say, the story is about the juxtaposition of self-identity and the individualistic fear of failure in the social interaction of souls, with fidelity and drunkenness obviously being an allusion to the Bible. The ontological shock that arises from such programs of instinct like toasters and bobby pins necessitates violence, even though it perhaps would be more sustainable to pass on violent actions to be done by other responsible partiers. Moore described her drive to get the story finished - it took seven years - as her desire to get to the point where Eleanor's friend tells Eleanor "the truth about love." Moore said that she tries to capture in her writing the way people think when they aren't aware they are thinking, and she certainly seems to do this when "the truth about love" comes out.

Interestingly, Moore studied painting, and this seems to have had a profound effect on her writing. Anyone interested in the visual arts-and certainly people who think in pictures-would undoubtedly enjoy the style of her writing. However, those not so visually inclined might be prone to getting lost in Moore's attempt to capture the thought process; her writing is laden with metaphorical images, but not so much abstract stream-of-consciousness thought.

Bok Choy and Bamboo

February 1 marked the first day of the year of the Goat. The Chinese New Year celebration began with the new moon, following its lunar cycle, and lasts fifteen days, ending February 15 with the Lantern Festival and the coming of the full moon.

On Thursday, January 30, the meeting place was set up with tables promoting the awareness and celebration of the New Year. Traditional foods were served and traditional games, such as Mahjong, were demonstrated.

I heart Jesus, Mr. Kuhn, I really do.

I like to walk around while I'm preaching.

"The Voice of the Raptors" Herbie Kuhn gave an awe inspiring account of what it means to be a Born-Again Christian this past Monday, February 3rd. While there was a handful of dedicated listeners, there were also a far number of passers-by attempting to quell their laughter, and sometimes fear, over the Toronto Raptors' announcer's thirty minute sermon-on-the-stage.

Kuhn began by describing his pleasure in being able to serve as the Raptors' announcer, but said that pleasure was easily topped by the privilege to serve God through Jesus Christ. He recounted his years of alcohol and drug abuse, his sleeping around with as many women as possible, his non-stop partying, his search for happiness in material possessions, and other immediate-gratifications.

But there was something missing.

Fame and fortune came his way, via his job as the announcer. People were recognizing him in the grocery sore, and asking for his autograph. Beautiful women came to him in droves, and he found himself one to hold onto, keeping his sex life regular. He had money to go even deeper into the partying.

But he was still empty inside.

Kuhn had attended church his whole life, but it wasn't until he happened to attend a service at the Grant African Methodist Episcopal Church that he found the path of truth. Here he was greeted warmly, and enjoyed the bobbing and weaving of the chorus, as well as the encouragement he got to bob, weave, and clap along.

He realized what was missing from his old church: He wasn't encouraged to be joyful about a close relationship with God's only son, Jesus Christ.

"Possibly the most important thing you'll ever hear in your life is this: God is nuts about you. God is crazy about you. He loves you so much that he sent his only son to die on the cross so you don't have to."

"I'm not trying to beat you over the head with the bible. I'm trying to tell you the truth to set you free."

He's not making any of this up. The Bible tells all of us this. You need only to look into your heart, and make the leap of faith.

The Underground gets scooped

UTSC students who really care about news will be sorely disappointed in the current News Editors at *The Underground*. In last Thursday's issue of *The Independent Weekly*, front page coverage was given to an issue very dear to UTSC students. The article has been re-printed in its entirety elsewhere in this week's issue of *The Underground*. We would like to apologise profusely for missing this. The News Editors are, indeed, deaf, dumb and blind.

Gordon Lane and (sometimes, but mostly not) Dan Sharpe
News Editors
brokennewseditors@hotmail.com

Joint-Programme in Journalism is no match for Ryerson

Meghan Hurley
Underground Staff

You might say that the field of journalism is one of the most competitive and rewarding professions. As a journalist you are an investigator, and you must pursue stories with great energy and accuracy. Emphasis must be placed on mechanical, factual and contextual correctness in order to deliver a memorable story. News coverage must be pursued in a timely fashion, and you must develop strategies to respond accordingly when ethical issues arise. As journalism is a very competitive professional field, a rigorous post-secondary program is necessary to develop the mind needed for journalism today. Many Canadian Universities offer practical, broad-based programs that allow the students to develop professional abilities necessary to be successful in the field. Universities like Carleton and Ryerson offer programs that prepare you for the challenges that await you as a reporter, editor or broadcaster. The University of Toronto has recently introduced a journalism program at Scarborough Campus. Many students are beginning to question the credibility of this new program. Will it be as competitive as the already established journalism programs?

Ryerson and Carleton have offered very competitive journalism programs for years. Now the University of Toronto is attempting to develop a School of Journalism just as qualified as existing programs. Unfortunately, U of T is unable to develop a program that will be any match for Ryerson. As a student at Ryerson University, you would begin to take university level courses in newspaper, magazine and broadcasting journalism in your first year. Instead of beginning innovative journalism training in your first year, at U of T you must complete two years in a subject area of interest. These two years can be spent studying subjects such as English or Political Science, before beginning the journalism courses. Ryerson students clearly have an advantage because they are able to study journalism much more intensely. As a result they will have more experience because they will be exposed to all fields of journalism in the first year.

After students at U of T have completed their two- year English or Political Science foundation, they will commence their journalism education at Centennial College. The journalism courses taken in collaboration with a two- year university background are college courses, taught by college instructors. Despite this, U of T students will be required to pay university tuition for college courses. As the journalism courses are at a college level, they will be no match for the intensity and sophistication of Ryerson's university level program.

In addition to U of T students being at a disadvantage because the journalism courses are taught at Centennial College, students will not even graduate with an honors degree in Journalism. Instead of graduating with a Bachelor of Journalism, which is what you would finish with if you attended Ryerson or Carleton, you would graduate with a Bachelor of Arts. When applying for employment after graduation, you cannot include in your resume that you completed a university degree in journalism. The only experience of journalism you can include on your resume is that you have a college diploma in Journalism from Centennial College.

Academic advisors and admissions personnel suggest that the benefit of completing the four-year Bachelor of Arts in collaboration with Centennial College is that you will graduate with a degree from an esteemed university. University of Toronto is a reputable university, but Centennial College is no competition for Ryerson. When the name Ryerson University is mentioned, the first program people think of is their very competitive Bachelor of Journalism program. The Chair of the Ryerson's School of Journalism, Vince Carlin, has never encountered applicants from Centennial College while working on the Candian Broadcasting Corporation hiring committees. Students who take the U of T Journalism Program will have a severe disadvantage when applying for positions in all areas of journalism.

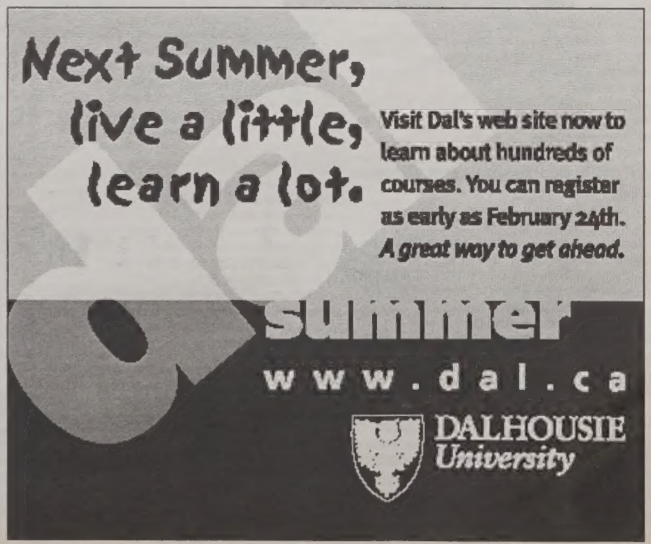
None of these Globe and Mail columnists graduated from Centennial...

John Doyle

Margaret Wente

Leah McLaren

Marcus Gee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Scarborough sacks SAC?

Campus to hold plebiscite on gaining independence

Peter Josselyn, The Independent Weekly
(originally published on January 31, 2003 in The Independent Weekly, Issue #20)

Scarborough students have had enough with SAC, according to the Scarborough Campus Students Union.

The student organization voted January 23 to hold a plebiscite asking students whether they want SAC to represent them. The campus will go to the polls March 5 and 6 to decide on the question: "Is the SCSU the official voice of Scarborough campus students?"

SCSU President Dan Badurka supports the move toward autonomy, saying that Scarborough students are underrepresented, unappreciated and underfunded.

SAC has also set up a Scarborough Task Force that will look at the outcome of the plebiscite and other issues about student autonomy. The task force will be co-chaired by University Affairs Commissioner and Erindale student Mohammed Hashim and Scarborough SAC representative Dylan Rae.

Both co-chairs want to see changes in the way that satellite campuses are treated by SAC. "For the longest time east and west campus students have been exploited by the downtown campus," said Hashim.

"They put in far too much money for services that are provided downtown and get very minimal returns. SCSU is looking to find a far more representative structures."

"It's about time that suburban students get what they pay for," he said.

SAC Vice-President (operations) John Lea called the plebiscite "an opinion poll."

"It's useful but it's not binding," he said. " I hope it gives us ideas and results about how to better represent Scarborough students."

While Hashim seems to support the plebiscite, Rae has taken a more reserved stance.

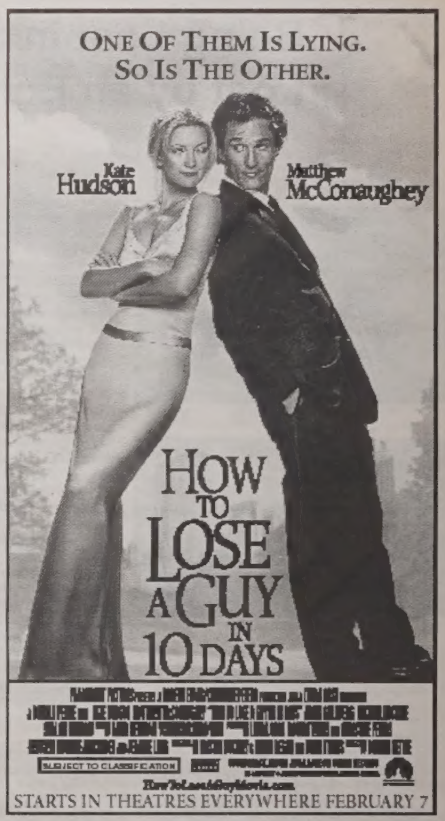
"I can't even tell you which way I'll vote and I'm a SAC Director. How can you tell people to support SAC when Rocco spent $22,000 on a party [see "SAC calls for President to resign," this page] and he knew that there were no posters at Scarborough?" Rae asked.

These complaints are part of a long list cited by supporters of more autonomy for the satellite campuses. Satellite campus students seldom make use of the fees they pay to Hart House, the Athletics Centre, and other St. George-based facilities, Hashim said.

Badurka is worried about how SAC will change with the growing campuses, which are predicted to expand, especially with the SuperBuild money the university is hoping to get. "There were 86% more applications to Scarborough [this year] than last year, and last year there were 25% more than the previous year," he said.

If the plebiscite passes and Rae expects it to "win and win big," the task force will reevaluate the arrangement between the campuses.

In the end Hashim is looking for more equality. "Each campus pays $120,000 but only gets about $25,000 back in funding. We need to fix that," he said.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arts

Being Lost in Scarborough
Lost by an Echo do some venting

Keith Friedlander
Arts Editor

In all honesty, I was quite disconcerted by the prospect of interviewing Lou Tentsos and Mike Wilkomirsky, two students here at UTSC. Both are members of a band called *Lost by an Echo*. The first time I met them was at a show they did at The 360 back in early December, and my memories of their performance remained clouded by alcohol and the holidays. On top of that, I've never felt wholly confident speaking with musicians about their craft, being quite naive of the subject. I was relieved to discover that Lou and Mike are pretty approachable guys and very enthusiastic about discussing the local music scene and the industry in general.

The guys have an eclectic background of influences which the different members bring from different aspects of the rock genre. While Lou prefers *Weezer* and *Sparta*, Mike is more into indie rock and bands like *Sonic Youth* and *Pavement*. They describe their bassist Zane as "a smart skater" (*Sum 41* and *Good Charlotte*), while their drummer Gordon is influenced by the grunge phenomenon, particularly bands like *Pearl Jam* and *Nirvana*.

When asked how the different aspects figured into the creative process, they told me it was mostly an adaptive process. "There are some tunes that are completely written by me and some where he'll write the guitar parts and I'll write the lyrics," Lou told me.

"Lou mainly writes all the songs and all the members tweak it about," Mike added. "We are definitely a melodic band, but for some of our songs I have certain terms… We're pretty much like indie rock but with influences coming in and out of that. *At The Drive In* meets *Weezer* meets *Sonic Youth*".

"Scarborough is not a rock town. I know that's an over statement but generally... it doesn't seem to be a town that's open to teenage indy pop".

It doesn't seem like much of a surprise that anyone who wants to get along in the Toronto music scene will have to go downtown to do it. But the real challenge faced by the band is generating regular interest to the point where the fan base extends beyond the personal acquaintance. Which can be especially hard when the distance to your shows is an issue for the band and their fans. "I'm bitter about the music industry because I've been doing it for seven years and I'm still where I'm at now where we don't have fans, just friends who come and see us," confessed Lou. "So I would like to work to that point where we do have fans, where people come to our shows and I have no idea who they are".

Mike agreed. "Honestly, it sounds simple, but that really would be nice. Most other bands totally under appreciate that pinnacle achievement. Where people are coming to see your music under their own volition, without some friend".

Lou tells me he's been playing in various bands off and on for seven years now. Still, this is his first band to play the 19-plus crowds. "The all-ages circuit was really bad and we never got anywhere," he explains. "We released a few CDs and demos with the old bands, but like I said, it never really took off. This is the first band where I really want it to take off".

They admit that they've been going through some growing pains. Difficulties getting their younger fan base to come see them at bars have been a disruption, but overall, they seem happy to be playing new places. "We basically played all ages teen rock staples like The Kathedral and The Reverb. They're not necessarily bad venues but it seems that when your in a band, if you play a bad show at a venue you get a bad taste in your mouth for that venue," says Mike. "Horseshoe and Rivoli are really good Toronto venues that are 19- plus that we'd like to play".

We spent some time glossing over the general matters of importance to any student, musician or not. Lou claims to have won his girlfriend over by naming a song after her, which is a prospect that I find completely baffling (I didn't think shit like that worked in real life). It was also agreed that amounts of Grand Theft Auto could be inversely corresponding to trends in one's Grade Point Average, that George W. Bush was a generally disagreeable man, and that Scarborough really isn't a very supportive town for the indie scene. As Mike says it, "Scarborough is not a rock town. I know that's an over statement but generally… it doesn't seem to be a town that's open to teenage indy pop".

"Which is funny because I've met a lot of great bands that come out of Scarborough, like *Alarum* and *ZeroScape* and *Façade*," Lou notes.

The guys also talked about their feelings about the music industry overall. It's always refreshing to hear people being honest about their contradictory morals. "Honestly, the entire music industry divides into two cultures," said Mike. "One, bands that have some marketable angle, and bands that are good and original and get critical acclaim and fan acclaim. Bands that don't become *Metallicas* but still have enough respect from their fan base that they could quite comfortably. Out of the popular musical industry market, about 5% are actually good. I'd rather just have a cult following with a lot of respect, than just a temped kind of flavour of the week mainstream band that will have an audience that will lose interest two seconds later."

However Lou felt it necessary to add, "We say we wouldn't but when it comes down to it, we would ride a one hit wonder. We're sell outs. Well, we haven't sold out, but given the opportunity, we will."

Their views on internet piracy had a similar ring to it. Again, Mike did most of the elaboration. "Honestly, I'm anti-internet piracy. This is a new copy of the new *Massive Attack* album. This album's coming out February 11. Am I going to buy it? I'd like to think so, I really would. But when it comes time to go to HMV and spend twenty dollars on a release I just bought, it's not going to happen. I like the proliferation, but I agree that it's a battle the music industry should be fighting. Because people are blatantly ripping off bands on a mass scale. And as one of these consumers, I love it, its like a kid in a candy store. But I totally support bands who aren't".

"Yeah, we're against it, but we still take part in it. It's a necessary evil," Lou summarized.

You can check out Lost by an Echo at their website: http://lostbyanecho.cjb.net. They have two upcoming shows at Seneca College's Newham Campus, the first of which is February 6.

FREE PUBLICITY!

We like to support the local indie scene, especially since if we were friends with Ajax residents Sum 41, we'd be riding in limo's and mackin' ho's right now.

So if you're in an independent band or musical act from UTSC, please contact us at undergnd @utsc.utoronto.ca. Who knows, maybe you'll be thanking us at, I don't know, the Junos or something.

Roman Numerals In Your Name Make You A King

Through The Eyes gives us a glimpse of life in the court of Louis XIV

Sarah Barmak
Underground Staff

Through the Eyes was originally written ten years ago in Tokyo by Montreal playwright Don Druick. It was the offshoot of his research into Italian Baroque artist Gianlorenzo Bernini for another work, and it quickly became its own play with its own unique voice.

It narrates the visit of Bernini to Paris, to the court of Louis the Fourteenth, on commission to carve a bust of the king. Bernini was the most celebrated artist of the age, respected and admired by the pope. When he gets to Versailles, however, he finds out that the absurdities and pomp of the Sun King and his court outdo the rest of Europe. The ego of the artist is at odds with the arrogance of Louis, who believes himself to be the most important man in the world - which wasn't all that far from the truth.

We watch all this through the eyes of a simple courtier, who is given the task of attending Bernini throughout his stay, acting as his translator and all-purpose navigator on the ways and customs of the court. He is also the ear to the temperamental artist's grievances, and witness to the impossible result - a masterpiece of sculpture. The bust comes to reflect the courtier, who turns out to be anything but simple, as he reveals his difficult affair with a higher-stationed lady-in-waiting.

And all of it is seen through the eyes, voice, and gestures of Richard MacMillan, the one actor who makes it all happen. He is a seasoned veteran of both the small stage and Stratford. Through him roughly fifteen characters are portrayed, usually in animated conversations with one another. The characters are distinguished by voices, gait, accents, and temperament, forming a virtual essay on outward style and personality being the essence of a man's soul. The transitions between characters are easy, seamless, as well as the intermittent switches from English into French and Italian. The language changes aren't that frequent, but when they happen they aren't confusing. They just form another, musical layer in a multifaceted work that seems nearly obsessed with the beauty and awe of its own subject matter.

MacMillan populates the small stage, around which we sit on all sides, with a world of objects: walking sticks, guns, swords, clothing, horses, birds, a grand staircase, and of course, the bust, without a single prop. It seems that people were constantly filling it, each in a different Attitude, even as the fact that he was alone gave the space a special intensity. His costuming is simple, although a bit silly, with frilled pantaloons and a billowy shirt with no jacket. But that doesn't get in the way of the performance.

The director, Brian Quirt, should be given credit - especially for the "bigger" scenes. The opening scene, for example, is a hunting expedition in which Louis takes part, ending with horses and hunters storming through the palace itself in a dazzling display of arbitrary cruelty and madness. (Ghetto gangsters and mob bosses have nothing on absolute monarchs.) The effect is cinematic, quite an achievement considering there's only one guy on stage.

The stage direction is good, especially the use of single-source lighting, but the addition of a smoke machine is probably unnecessary. These things are secondary, though, to the overall impression the play made. If I had a bigshit column and could rate plays, I'd give this one a four out of five.

Through the Eyes *continues at Factory Theatre, located at Adelaide and Bathurst, until February 9. Visit www.factorytheatre.ca.*

(Hey Sarah - We edited your piece... Good stuff. Keep it up. Chris & Sachin.)

The Recruit:

I almost cared

Keith Friedlander
Arts Editor

Movie's strengths wasted on mediocre plot

Film: The Recruit
Genre: Not so thrilling thriller
Starring: Al Pacino, Colin Farrell, Bridget Moynahan
Director: Roger Donaldson
Rating: ★½☆☆☆

When I told my friend I was going to see a preview of *The Recruit* she commented that it was "one more nail in the coffin that is Al Pacino's career". Being a moderate fan of Pacino's work I attempted to stick up for him. "Uh… *Heat* was pretty good," I rebutted, "and *Scent of a Woman*". She was neither convinced nor impressed by my argument. Now that I realize those movies are about a decade old, neither am I.

I guess I approached the screening of *The Recruit* with a somewhat soured outlook, so perhaps my displeasure with it is the result of these thoughts. But I digress when I should be reviewing. *The Recruit* is the story of James Clayton (Colin Farrell, *Tigerland*, *Minority Report*), a young, brilliant, athletic, handsome, available, dark and brooding MIT graduate who is approached by the aloof Walter Burke (Pacino), a CIA recruiter. Burke convinces James to apply for training with promises of revealing the mysterious disappearance of his father.

While undergoing various espionage training regiments at the CIA's secret ranch, James meets a young, brilliant, athletic beautiful, available, dark and brooding trainee named Layla (Bridget Moynahan, *Serendipity*, *Coyote Ugly*). The two struggle with their mutual chemistry while being pitted against each other by their instructors, whose misleading and manipulative exercises attempt to wear away at their mental fortitude. Eventually James is drummed out as a result of his growing attachment to Layla.

However when Burke approaches him and tells him he has been selected to be the new unofficial agent, he is launched into an actual covert mission that will require him to seduce Layla to uncover whether or not she is really an enemy spy. At this point the story turns into a docile game of cat-and-mouse, as we see James getting to play spy whilst getting his rocks off. The physical tension between the two moody agents proves the most interesting point of the story and the dysfunctional relationship (based on a solid foundation of sex and hidden bugs) has that kind of car-crash appeal you just can't look away from. You may think "we need to talk" is a bad sign, but when your significant other sideswipes you off the road and shoves a gun in your face demanding the microfilm, then you really have issues.

Unfortunately, as the story goes on the amount of attention paid to the interaction between James and Layla takes a backseat to the main plot, which by this time is a somewhat threatening game of cat-and-mouse-and-dog, fueled by a pretty unimaginative red herring. Overall the characters are the most interesting thing so far, but they are left too flat and undeveloped for anyone to care too much about them. While the story is well put together and is intriguing enough to keep one curious, it just isn't that interesting.

By the time Pacino works his way back into the movie the story has again mutated into a fairly dangerous game of cat-and-mouse-and-dog and… whatever animal might eat a dog. A crocodile perhaps. I don't know, I kind of stopped paying attention. Naturally this all ends with James not knowing who he can trust and having to figure it all out on his own.

The acting in *The Recruit* is actually its greatest strength and all three of the main characters are portrayed very effectively. I just wish the writing had been strong enough to support it. The climax of the movie is a good example of this fallacy. A well thought out and memorable scene in which Pacino and Farrell give strong performances just doesn't go anywhere new or interesting. In the end you walk away asking, why didn't I like that movie?

Which brings me back to the whole point about Pacino's career. After watching *Godfather Part II* last night and seeing the raw emotion drawn up by Pacino, I realized what a good actor he used to be. The look in his eyes when he was full of rage at his wife was a moment to remember. Something makes me think that if people would stop writing roles for him where he is his classic, bland, cool, bad ass self and actually thought of a challenge for him, maybe we would see Pacino live up to his name again. But in the case of *The Recruit*, the only thing you see in Pacino's eyes (and in Farrell's and Moynahan's) is a confused stare. It doesn't just reflect their characters' confusion as to their situation, but of the actors' confusion as to why anyone should care.

Caroll's works adapted? More like Go Ask Alice...

Chris McKinnon
Editor-in-Chief

Title: **Alice in Wonderland**
Director: Keith Fernandes
Producers: Keith Fernandes, Mike P. Taylor, Andrew Tyler
Music: Alexander Rapoport

If you went into the Leigha Leah Browne Theatre expecting a true-to-the-text stage performance of Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland," you might not have been disappointed, but you surely would have been surprised. In the weeks leading up to UTSC's most recent dramatic enterprise, rumours abounded that the play would be a "dark reinterpretation" of Carroll's works, and it most certainly was.

In intial scene of the play, there was a distinct break from Carroll's story: Alice dies. Or rather she is murdered by a bitter White Rabbit and her henchmen. Yes, that's right: Her. None of Carroll's characters' genders or demeanours are sacred here, and its just as well. The genre of "fairy-tales gone bad" has produced different takes on any number of classic children's fables, and they nearly always rely on "perversions" of the original story. This time is no different. Poking fun at the stories we loved as children is always fun, and playing around with "what might have happened if..." scenarios is always interesting, especially with a mix of characters as wild as Wonerland's.

What we are immediately confronted with is the idea that "Wonderland" is just a story, and that maybe the story wasn't so true to begin with. "That bitch, Alice..." laments the White Rabbit. That bitch got it all wrong. And so the play begins with an eye at correcting the inaccuracies of Carroll's original text, and having some sado-masochistic fun in the process.

The White Rabbit concocts a plan that will allow her and her lover, The Rose, to take the throne as the Queens of Wonderland. The original "Alice" was her first obstacle and the next is the Queen of Hearts. So begins the tale of a dastardly plot to murder the Queen and coronate the Rabbit and Rose. Poison-tarts, tea parties and plenty of raucous fun and cross-dressing ensue.

Stand-out performances from Tim Watermeyer (The Mad Hatter) and John Hollick (The March Hare) kept the audience laughing. A ridiculously funny scene with Fadi Otaqui (The Duchess) and Aaron Krongold (The Cook) brought the audience nearly to tears, the actors themselves hardly maintaining straight-faces (though the intimacy of the small venue probably did wonders to keep the giggling actors from destroying the mood.) Evil plotting by the grudge-bearing White Rabbit (Lindsey Forbes) and the whip-toting Rose (Michelle Righetti) kept the play on-track, mostly. The second act dragged a bit, and extended sequences of Seinfeld-esque bickering between Tweedles Dee (Mark Toszegi) and Dum (Ingrid Nugent) sometimes just went on too long. Shelagh Hughes also made a brilliant performance as the disgruntled, down-and-out Humpty-Dumpty, who gets ravaged by the Hatter and Hare, and subsequently receives a glamourous make-over and self-esteem boost from Tertia, the late Alice's chronically neglected sister (think Jan Brady), Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum.

The blocking of the performance became an issue on occasion, as the use of a large wooden-framed cube wrapped with tenser-bandages stood in, somewhat imperfectly, for a curtain, a jabberwocky and miscellaneous other things. Lighting arrangements made the cube alternately opaque or translucent, but not necessarily at the right times. You certainly might have been able to believe that the caterpillar was sitting high above on a mushroom, if it weren't for the fact that you could clearly see the silhouette of a ladder through the bandage-cube. It proved to be an interesting device, that might have been truly successful if it had been used more carefully.

The set design was nicely minimalist. With all the bizarre things that one might have contrived to illustrate the absurd world of Wonderland, much was done with lighting; an original score, composed by Alexander Rapoport; some cargo nets; and the above mentioned cube. The lighting, in particular, effected a suitably eerie tone throughout. Something more acrobatic might have been accomplished by the Cheshire Cat (John Loerchner) as he climbed all over the cargo nets on either side of the stage, though I suspect that safety (and the nets' stability) might have been an issue there.

Now about all the aspects of this play that haven't got much to do with the Lewis Carroll, or the story... The clowning was fun, and as with other pieces that Keith Fernandes has directed, well-executed. The collaborative improv script-writing process seems to have worked out well, though every so often the singular vision of one playwright might have helped to keep things on track, or tie-up loose ends. In particular, some grasping could be sensed in extended dialogues between the Narrator (Stephen Edgell) and Tertia (Sthar Martin) where a single writer might have been better able to focus the direction. In fact, the play suffered from serious tangentiality... But then again, so did Carroll's original book, and that is the way of Wonderland. Curiouser and curiouser, indeed. The play's climax was a stage-fight, and as with other UTSC Drama pieces where stage combat was involved, the audience was subject to something not wholly unpleasing, but not really all that entertaining either. The music held everything together, though, and in the end, even a comedic anti-climax, involving a lizard and a poison-tart, couldn't spoil all the fun.

All in all, "Alice in Wonderland" was fun, campy and definitely worth a peek.

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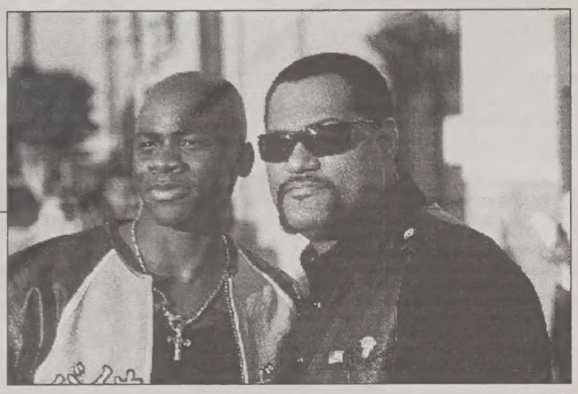
They Should Have Called It 'Biker Sux' (That's Right, With An 'X')

Sachin "Unnecessarily profane" Hingoo
Associate Editor

Title: ***Biker Boyz***
Starring: Laurence Fishburne, Orlando Jones, Eriq LaSalle (or 'ER' fame), hot hot Lisa Bonet and Kid Rock
Director: Reggie Rock Bythewood
Rating: ☆☆☆☆☆
(Yes, that's right. Zero stars.)



Note: This article contains information that will spoil this movie for you. Good. If I can do my part to save you $13.50, then the purpose of this article has been fulfilled. Besides, the director has done a lot more to spoil this movie than I ever could.

That's right, zero stars. I would rate porn higher. See, if each star represents one enjoyable aspect of a movie, then this film deserves none. The acting is passable, but the dialogue is inane. I'm sorry, but when you use the word 'aight' TWICE in one sentence, you lose, Mr. Screenwriter. You lose. The director tried so hard to make this movie legitimate with some 'fancy' camera work that is utterly inappropriate for this genre. When I go to a bike-racing movie, I'd like to be able to, I don't know, SEE THE RACES YOU FUCKFACE.

So this movie is about bike-racing, but not really. There's bike-racing in it, that's for sure, but the real storyline is a father and son tale that will leave you in tears, wailing in the crowded theatre for the director to please please oh god go back to the motherfucking racing I hate this movie and I want to walk out but I've been here for an hour and a half and Lisa Bonet is so hot. There is an unexpected plot twist regarding the paternity of the protagonist, and while you don't see it coming, it's far too late in the film to justify your admission. Besides, when you find out that the kid's father is actually Fishburne and not the guy from ER who died at the beginning, you don't care.

I guess we're to assume that most of the 'Biker Boyz' have real jobs outside of the motorcycle scene, but we're not privy to any of that, except for one scene where you find out that the jive-talkin' Orlando Jones, who plays a character named "Soul Train" is actually a lawyer. Right.

And then there's the music. See, when this movie was called *The Fast and the Furious*, they used high-energy music, usually techno or hip-hop, to suggest, um, GOING FAST. With this movie, however, someone (I'm looking at you, Kid Rock you cunting redneck trash) thought that it'd be appropriate to use *country music* for many of the races, including the last one. WAKE UP ASSHOLES THE DUKES OF HAZZARD IS OFF THE AIR FOR A REASON!

Speaking of Kid Rock and assholes, Kid Rock is an asshole. Even if you were the world's biggest Kid Rock fan, you'd probably brush your mullet out of your eyes (never mind, you don't have to brush a mullet) long enough to realize that this is no *8 Mile*. Though his acting is passable, when even Laurence Fishburne can't make this dialogue work, you can't expect a whole lot from a guy who eloquently named his song "Bawitdaba". Had his screen time been replaced by the amount given to former Cosby Kid Lisa Bonet, I might have had to give this movie a star. Sadly, it's not. Bonet is relegated to little more than a bit part while Kid Rock's role is pivotal. Don't ask me, I didn't write it.

I've already devoted much more space and time to this movie than it deserves, but I'd like to wrap it up by saying that I hope this director, Reggie Rock Blythewood, fucking dies.

Calculating Memories

Frog in my Throat

Merika Ramundo

There are moments in your life that you never forget. Picture it, Montreal, Honoré Mercier Elementary School. The time is 1984, the place is Miss Rachel's homeroom class. A young third grader sits in her chair awaiting her problem-solving test score. Merika is an excellent student who, just the other day, was told to tell her parents not to come to Parents' Night because there was no need. On this very cold day in October, Miss Rachel starts off the day with a bang. She takes attendance and at the request of the teacher's pet, (Ennio B.) she hands out the stack of corrected math tests. She begins to blurt out names, sounding very much like the teacher in Charlie Brown. The sound of the shuffling of tests being distributed brings both excitement and angst to this eclectic class. The noise stops as Miss Rachel reaches the test belonging to the third grader in question.

"Merika," Miss Rachel says looking up from her pile of papers, "could you please come up to my desk and get your test?" Not thinking anything of it, the young girl makes her way to the front of the class. "Class," Miss Rachel says, "I want everyone to know that Merika got a 14 on 40 on her problem-solving test....You see class, no one is perfect...I just want you all to do your best."

Suddenly Merika's eyes cloud over and she is swept to another place. Riiiiiiiiiiiiip! Splat! Stomp (pause) stomp (pause) stomp. Stomp! Stomp! Stomp! Stomp! Stomp! Ole! As the tears welled, all she could see was the faint image of Miss Rachel, smiling and beautiful, in a red, ruffled dress, hair slick and combed into a bun, doing La Cucaracha in slow motion. Miss Rachel is towering, larger than life. She raises her castanets. They make a clicking sound that reminds Merika of hard rain hitting an aluminum roof. Soles hit the floor, faster, faster and faster still. Miss Rachel dances furiously and with passion and at that precise moment, she crushes Merika into a million irreconcilable pieces.

Believe it or not, this is a true story. O.K. it may sound a tad overdramatic but this was my reality as a third grader. As I reread my last paragraph, maybe it was all for the best. In times of stress and utter devastation, I tend to delve into the realm of the imagination for resonance and support. We all have our escapist tendencies...mine are just a little more eccentric than eating comfort food or going to the movie theatre. It was this defining moment in elementary school that simultaneously gave life to my creative drive and death to my inclination to experiment with mathematics. As of grade three, I have hated everything that has to do with numbers. In high school, teachers would wonder why I struggled with Algebra, Chemistry and Physics. In CEGEP my brother-in-law went so far as to bribe me into taking Calculus. I barely passed, and although the sense of accomplishment was overwhelming at the time, deep down inside I knew that I would never recollect an iota of what I was tested on. The irony is that I now work with numbers everyday. Budgets, spreadsheets, formulas, it's all about the bottom line at times, especially when you work for a not-for-profit theatre company. I have now come to terms with my disdain of all things calculable not because of my schooling or work experience but because of my nonno Nicola and one moment in my life that occurred way before the "psychologically- scarring-grade-three-Miss Rachel fiasco".

One of my first memories was of my grandfather Nicola. He was a kind and gentle giant whose face was wrinkled with pockets of soft furry skin. My nonno used to take me for walks in the park and allowed me to spin his red, velvet wine rack as fast as I wanted...with the wine on it no less! One thing that my nonno loved to do was play cards and he made it his mission to teach me how to read and play with Italian playing cards. One game in particular, Scopa (Italian for "sweep"), was my favorite because I had to use my counting skills to be able to add up the numbers on the table to see if they matched the numbers in my hand. It was a challenge that this five year old couldn't pass up and I was usually victorious in the matches against my nonno. This was one of the few times I enjoyed learning math because it was done with love. So now when I am developing projections or analyzing data to formulate stats I think about my nonno and try to do it with love – a love for my work, a love for the community I serve and a love for myself. And as for Miss Rachel, she can kiss my c-ass-tanets.

P.S.

I got my comeuppance this week dear readers. Finally, Frog in My Throat has instigated some form of dialogue between yourselves and the lonely writer that is me. To my surprise and delight, I received 2, count them 2 letters from readers with regard to my article on Pet Peeves. Thanks to Jean and TOOR for voicing their love of the peeve.

Dear Ramundoelmundo,

To give you one guy's opinion, I think there's little worse than living in a co-ed res house with a girl who leaves her Haynes Her Way underwear in the bathroom on the towel-rack to greet you g'morning.

Nothing says I-don't-think-I'll-ever-have-sex-again like Grandma underwear.

Sincerely,

Turned-off on Residence.

Dear TOOR,

I have a feeling I know you from somewhere....Perhaps we lived together in another life?? You are dangerous and know too much. You must admit, dear TOOR, the girl you speak of is not perfect... hell, I too, admit to wearing grandma underwear...it makes me feel warm and fuzzy inside. I am sure that the girl in question apologizes for abandoning my, I mean her undergarments in the loo. Look at the bright side TOOR, at least we are both aware of the fact that our habits may be the cause of someone's inner angst....which can only mean room for improvement and of course, SEX.

Hi Merika,

I read your article on new year resolutions in the Underground. Believe it or not, I am a regular reader. I look forward to the Underground every Wednesday. Your article made me want to share my pet peeves with you. It really bugs me when people chew with their mouths open. I cringe every time I have to sit in front of a person that does that and make me just want to scold them like their mother should have. Another pet peeve is when people don't clean their plates. I mean, they would finish their food, but there will be a few straggles of rice, vegetables, or meat left over. If you've already got that far, then you might as well finish it up. i don't think your pet peeves are ludicrous. I am sure that a host of people agree with you, because those are common courtesies. Well, the last one about not waiting for not so good things, that might just mean that you're not very patient :) Keep up the good work!

Jean

Dear Jean,

Thank you for writing!!!!! Food is always the cause of many a pet peeve! My mother used to hate when I read while I ate at the kitchen table. I must admit that I have left bits of food on my plate but I have recently discovered the fantastic world of composting! Thank you Green Wizard! I see every pet peeve as something that has the potential to be insightful and constructive. As for my being impatient, you might be onto something there Jean...I think that I am patient when I know that there is something to be patient for. For example, waiting to see the dentist may not be the most thrilling way to spend my time, but it's important, whereas waiting for my computer to reboot after it has crashed for the seventh time is not my idea of a good time.

groundworks

groundworks

Jinxed

David Hale

Moonlight shone brightly through the open window. The dim light illuminating the matte black cyberdeck and the soft clacking of keys, were the only sign that anyone was in the master bedroom of the high rise apartment. Zen's decrypt program was working steadily on the scramble IC that guarded the datafile. Whatever Lotus had on the chip, she had wanted to make sure that it remained a secret. The sound of footsteps in the hallway made Zen look up from the small LCD viewscreen. She caught her breath. She didn't know why she had agreed to let her teammates stay at her apartment. Momentary weakness she guessed. A few moments later she heard a toilet flush and breathed a sigh of relief.

Turning back to the screen she saw that the decrypt program had finished. Like an explosion text began to scroll down the screen. Her eyes dashed over the words. The name Michael Talen, caught her eye. Michael Talen, the man responsible for the death of her parents. A wave of emotions swept over her. Anger and pain burned in her chest. Tears filled her eyes as a cruel smile crept onto her lips. She would finally have her revenge...

* * *

The next morning at the breakfast table, Morgan looked troubled.

'What had gone wrong?' He had known that there was something wrong with the whole deal from the very beginning.

His muscles protested painfully as he pushed himself up from the table and walked to the window. Looking down on the street three floors below, he spotted some kids playing near a Porsche Mako. The black ragtop of the convertible sports car matched nicely with the red paintjob of the body. Morgan's mind wandered to thoughts of retirement. Yeah, maybe he could talk to an old friend about buying the damned cyberdeck for a pretty penny. At least that way he'd be rid of the awful thing.

From the trio that sat quietly chatting at the table, Zen's voice chimed, "Hey Morgan, penny for your thoughts."

Morgan turned around and laid eyes on her pretty face. A few more popped into his head as she smiled at him.

"Well..." she asked impatiently.

* * *

The small bell hanging over the door chimed as Morgan stepped into the Private Eye's office. Steven Cranz looked up from the newspaper clutched in one yellowed hand. Placing the burned out butt of a cigarillo into an overflowing ashtray he said, "Have a seat, and place the piece on the desk."

Following his directions, Morgan dropped his Guardian onto the paint chipped desk and slid onto the hard surface of the proffered wooden armchair. Placing the first credstik onto the desk he waited patiently for Cranz to speak. Cranz was one of the best Private Investigators in Seattle. Morgan had been a friend of his for years. But this was business. It was like an unspoken rule between the two, to not mix friendship and money. Morgan had made a few calls to a few of his contacts for information. Cranz had been one of the first to respond. Morgan had asked if he could do a little background checking on Lotus, and this mysterious Johnson.

"Your Johnson is just another face in the crowd. Just another suit." Cranz said smoothly as he picked the credstik up off the desk. Dropping it into a drawer he continued.

"At least, that's what he'd want most people to think. I ran a few checks on anyone by the name or handle 'Lotus.' I didn't find anything. that is until I cross-referenced it with Renraku."

As Cranz paused, Morgan placed another credstik onto the desk. Cranz nodded, before continuing.

"I found a datafile that was downloaded about a week ago by some Renraku exec. addressed to a fixer that went by the name of Lotus."

"Renraku exec?" replied Morgan. "Must be some sort of inside job."

"Most likely, but that's not the interesting bit. I dug a little deeper on the exec, and it turned out to be Michael Talen."

"Michael Talen, the head of electronics at Renraku? Why would he want to steal something from his own corp. Let alone his own division?"

"Couldn't say, but it is the time of year for switching teams. Maybe another corp. offered a better deal, and what better way to show your loyalty than to give them the hottest new tech from your previous employers."

Morgan nodded letting the information seep in. "Thanks Cranz, you've been a big help."

"Don't mention it... Oh, by the way I kept a copy of the datafile." Cranz said retrieving a small plastic case from the pocket of his jacket. Handing it to Morgan he smiled and shook his hand. "A pleasure doing business with you."

Morgan picked his guardian up off the desk and holstered it. Giving his good-byes he turned and headed for the door. Morgan paused as Cranz called after him.

"Hey! Was that you and your fixer that shot up that place on I-5?"

"Yeah, maybe."

"That's too bad, it was a nice place."

Morgan smiled, "Yeah, it was..." Waving a quick good-bye he walked out the door and onto the street.

* * *

A low whirr sounded as the disc reader spun to life. The LCD on the datareader began to scroll with the text from the datafile. After scanning the text, Morgan realized that it had been a set up from the start.

"I hate it when this happens..." mumbled Morgan to himself.

"Dammit man, you really are bad luck," sneered Haze cruelly.

"Shut up Haze," replied Morgan.

* * *

The air was cool on the top of the low rent housing complex. The neighboring building gave Rick O'Shea a clean vantage point of the renegade runner's hideout. Lowering the binoculars, he jotted quickly in a small note pad. Turning the dial of the receiver on his belt he picked up the predetermined channel he spoke. "Hello? Yes, this is O'Shea. I have targets in view; waiting for conformation."

* * *

The apartment was quiet except for the two bickering runners.

Morgan looked solemnly at his chummers, "...Look, just frag off, okay Haze..."

"So are you some kinda jinx now, or something..." Haze asked with a chuckle.

Morgan ignored him. Scowling he removed the chip from the datareader and slid it into his pocket.

Haze continued without pause. "...I mean, the last time you did a run, your whole team got fragged. And now look at us, we're gettin' fragged right from the start..."

Morgan's lips curled into a snarl. "I said shut up, you slotter!" Morgan spat as he lunged at the dwarf.

* * *

From the receiver in O'Shea's ear he heard: "Confirmation affirmative."

Smiling to himself, he lifted the Barett 121 Sniper Rifle from the gravel roof. Dusting it off lovingly, he lifted it to his shoulder. The scope mounted on top gave a clear picture of Morgan's chest. As he lined up the shot over his heart, he inhaled deeply. Holding it, his finger moved to the trigger. The scope whizzed suddenly over Morgan's chest as he lunged for something on the other side of the window. Opening his left eye and moving his head away from the scope he spied the struggle ensuing.

"Fraggit," he swore softly. He lay down the rifle carefully and spoke into his headset. "Minor problem, Switching tactics to compensate."

"Negative O'Shea..." squawked the headset. "...I repeat nega..." The voice trailed off as he dropped the headset to the gravel roof.

"I can't concentrate with that damn thing on," he mumbled.

Reaching into his duffel bag he drew out his Avenger grenade launcher and put it to his shoulder.

* * *

A lamp toppled as Morgan and Haze trampled past. The glass shattering as it hit the carpet. As the two rammed into the desk, Zen snatched the cyberdeck from behind them and held it against her chest protectively. Turning, Morgan shoved Haze into the wall. The dwarf grunted in pain. Releasing Morgan's shirt he punched him across the face. Morgan's head snapped back as he reeled from the blow. Jester grabbed the both of them and tried to separate the two.

* * *

Lining the sight up with the window, O'Shea pulled the trigger, launching three metallic spheres across the street.

* * *

"Cut it out!" yelled Jester shoving the two apart. He opened his mouth to speak again, but was cut off by the sound of breaking glass.

Morgan turned as the three metallic spheres shattered the glass and landed with a thud on the carpet. His eyes widened for a nanosecond before he dashed towards the window. Diving forward he grabbed a hold of Zen and shoved her out ahead of him.

Haze turned from Jester and spotted the three spheres a moment later. "Aw, fuck..."

The explosion ripped through the room. Fire and shrapnel tore into everything. The blast rocketed out the window, catching Morgan and Zen and launching them out over the street. Everything seemed to slow down, the wind whipped past them as they plummeted. Looking down, Morgan spotted the Porsche Mako parked out front coming up fast. Turning in the air, he pushed off from Zen and braced himself.

The ragtop caught Zen, braking most of her momentum as she ripped through. Morgan overshot and landed on the windshield. His attempt at a breakfall shattered the glass and the bones in his left arm. He lay still for a moment looking up at the flame spouting from the window of the apartment above. Sliding off the hood he stumbled over to the passenger door. Zen had collected herself long enough to begin hot wiring the car. Suddenly a chunk of asphalt exploded next to Morgan as a shot from O'Shea's rifle narrowly missed him. Looking up he spotted the sun glinting off the long barrel. He pulled his Guardian from his jacket with his good arm and squeezed off a quick burst at the rooftop. Moving fast he jumped into the low slung car and shouted, "Drive!"

The Mako roared to life as Zen spliced two wires together. A round slammed into the dash as she put it into gear. The Mako growled as it peeled out, a track of rubber left in their wake...

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TOWN HALL MEETINGS ON ACADEMIC PLANNING

The Provost's Office launched the next academic planning process in mid December by posting "green papers" at **http://www.utoronto.ca/plan2003**. A "green paper" is issued for a consultative phase that precedes the drafting of a planning or policy document. The "green paper" phase of planning aims to elicit campus-wide discussion about priorities for the next academic plan. The green papers have also been published in the January 13th issue of the Bulletin.

During January and February, Provost Shirley Neuman will be holding a series of Town Hall meetings to discuss the "green papers". This is an opportunity for all members of the University community to contribute their ideas and their sense of priorities to the academic planning process. **Please encourage your faculty colleagues, and your graduate and undergraduate students to attend one of these meetings and please attend yourself.** All members of the University—students, faculty, staff and alumni—are strongly encouraged to participate in one or more of these fora to share their questions, ideas and responses with each other and the Provost.

Following this consultation, a draft academic plan for the 2003-2009 period will be drafted. It will be circulated for further discussion before being taken to Governing Council in late spring.

The calendar for the Town Hall meetings follows:

Friday, January 10, 2003
2:30 pm - 4:00 pm
Innis College, Town Hall, Room 112
2 Sussex Avenue

Tuesday, January 14, 2003
10:00 am - 11:30 am
Medical Science Building
MacLeod Auditorium, Room 2158
1 King's College Circle

Wednesday, January 15, 2003
4:00 pm - 5:30 pm
Victoria University
Isabel Bader Theatre
93 Charles Street

Thursday, January 16, 2003
9:00 am - 10:30 am
Bahen Centre Information Technology
Auditorium, Room 1160
40 St. George Street

Monday, January 20, 2003
1:00 pm - 2:30 pm
University College
Room 140
15 King's College Circle

Friday, January 24, 2003
1:00 pm - 2:30 pm
University of Toronto at Mississauga
Matthews Auditorium
Kaneff Centre, Room 137
3359 Mississauga Road North

Monday, January 27, 2003
2:00 pm - 3:30 pm
Trinity College
George Ignatieff Theatre
15 Devonshire Place

Wednesday, January 29, 2003
9:00 am - 10:30 am
St. Michael's College
Alumni Hall, Room 100
121 St. Joseph Street

Friday, January 31, 2003
10:00 am - 11:30 am
Earth Sciences Centre, Room 1050
25 Wilcocks Street

Monday, February 3, 2003
9:00 am - 10:30 am
OISE/UT
Auditorium, Room G162
252 Bloor Street West

Wednesday, February 5, 2003
3:00 pm - 4:30 pm
University of Toronto at Scarborough
Humanities Wing, 2nd floor, Room 216
1265 Military Trail

Friday, February 14, 2003
10:00 am- 11:30 am
New College
Wilson Hall Amphitheatre, Room 1016
30 Wilcocks Street

life

"EAT ME!"

Rob Chung
Underground Staff

"One slice of pepperoni pizza contains 750 calories and 19 grams of fat. For those of you not well versed in the field of nutrition, 750 calories is a hell of a lot for something that you can gobble down in 2 minutes."

Since the inception of the new Tim Hortons right across the Bookstore, traffic down that hallway has been horrendous. The line up for people wanting Timmy-Ho-Ho's clogs the hallway like hardened cholesterol clogs arteries within our bodies. And it seems to be perpetual, with only a few moments during the day when there are fewer than 10 people. As I witness the daily circus that the Tim Hortons has become, I pity the people who line up for hours waiting for their needed caffeine fix, or that healthy choice which replaces their breakfast, lunch and dinner. But, really, what choice do they have? Do they really want yet another slice of greasy pizza, or an excessively expensive pita? Not to mention the H-Wing cafeteria, which I have not set foot in since my first year. Oh yes, some of the foods might look and smell appetizing for one who hasn't eaten for days, but I assure you, eating the foods provided at U of T at Scarborough is a life-threatening experience.

For one thing, the almighty pizza slice: quick, relatively cheap, and strangely tasty no matter how many slices we have had in the past 48 hours. That slice is more grease and fat wallowing on top of stale cheese under a hot lamp for hours than any source of nutrition. One slice of pepperoni pizza contains 750 calories and 19 grams of fat. For those of you not well versed in the field of nutrition, 750 calories is a hell of a lot for something that you can gobble down in 2 minutes. Anything with ham or bacon has even more fat and even more calories, and that's not including the bag of chips and can of pop that so many people opt for, which only makes matters worse. Ever get that strange bloated feeling after eating pizza that makes paying attention to lectures tough? That's your stomach trying to digest the intense amount of fat that you've just inhaled.

And what about the extraordinarily popular Tim Hortons? Many people regard Tim's as a healthy alternative to pizza. And in some cases it is. But just to be a jerk and to ruin it for all the calorie -counting people reading this, most of Tim Hortons food items aren't that much healthier than that day old slice of pizza you can get in half the amount of time it takes to get a coffee and a muffin. Speaking of muffins, the average muffin that the Tim's at UTSC sells contains about 340 calories and over 10 grams of fat. Though this doesn't sound like that much, how many people are actually full after eating one muffin. It honestly would take me about 3 muffins to feel like I had a decent meal. You would also think that the sandwiches are pretty healthy, and again you're wrong. The average sandwich has between 380 and 470 calories and roughly 14 grams of fat. In all honesty, that is certainly a lot less than one slice of pizza, and probably does stop the hunger pangs of the average person. I won't even talk about donuts, except to say that even pizza looks healthy compared to those sugar covered, deep fried pieces of flour and bits of apple.

The salvation of the Bladen Wing cafeteria was the Pita Pit. Pitas are wonderful creations; meats and vegetables enclosed in delicious flat bread. Much like the food at Tim Horton's, a pita seems like a healthy choice, and they probably are the healthiest choice at UTSC, but looking at the nutritional information provided by The Pita Pit, the pita bread alone contains 260 calories. That's without any meat, vegetables, or sauces. Yes, the evil sauces - so necessary, but so necessarily unhealthy. A serving of the most popular sauce - mayonnaise - has by itself 10 grams of fat. Nevertheless, ignoring the issue of the fattening sauces, overall, the pita seems to be the best choice for a healthy lunch. The number of vegetables one can choose from is very appealing. The choice of meats is impressive, and taste as good as they smell when they are quickly flash fried. My problem with the Pita Pit is how much they charge for their pitas. Remembering that most of us are drowning in our own debts, leaving The Pita Pit $6 poorer and without a drink is pretty harsh. You could even spend more if you get one of their fancy pitas. I guess the fountain water will have to do for now.

I haven't bought a food item at UTSC since first year. And I don't think I will again. No matter how hungry I am, no matter how much I crave a slice of pizza, or a Chunky Chicken Salad Sandwich, I refuse to pay hard earned money to eat food that will only go to my slowly growing gut, and not to quenching the never-ending hunger pangs of my stomach. I only have so much of the green to go to food - the rest goes to gas and books. Though the university has done its best to provide for the nutritional well-being of its students, until they offer truly fresh, healthy choices at affordable prices, I will continue to let my stomach eat itself.

Just an afterthought: once upon a time, someone really smart came up with the idea of debit cards so that people wouldn't have to carry cash around, or go to bank machines every time they wanted to spend $5... Tim Horton's, Pita Pit, and Cafés, I am looking your way.

Satanic Verses raise ire

UTSC under fire?

Christian Lucier
Life Editor

It is safe to say that UTSC's greatest claim to fame is diversity, and diversity comes in many forms on campus. Our large student body is comprised of different ethnic backgrounds, various religions, and beliefs. In my opinion, UTSC is one of the most diverse facilities in the GTA. We got it all. However, diversity on campus from time to time creates conflicts where a solution is not always at hand.

In particular, I am talking about The Satanic Verses, an incredibly controversial novel, and its relationship with UTSC. The Satanic Verses is a novel written by Salman Rushdie. For those of you living under a rock, the controversy that clouds this novel stems from Rushdie's jabs at the Koran and his satirizing of biblical tales. Muslims abhor Rushdie's work. They find The Satanic Verses incredibly hurtful and offensive.

Students can purchase The Satanic Verses at the UTSC bookstore for $22.95. The novel is also taught in The Immigrant Experience in Literature, a C-level English course. Word has it that some of the Muslim members of the UTSC community are having a difficult time coming to terms with the school's association with the novel. They are in the dark as to why UTSC would sell this distasteful novel and or teach it. For many Muslims, this novel does not fit into the category of higher education. At the time of this printing, the Muslims Student Association has not replied to my emails for comment.

The importance of the Rushdie dilemma is to illustrate that there are really no solutions to conflicts of this sort. The Satanic Verses could be pulled from the shelves, and not taught at all, yet that wouldn't be fair to those who are not affected by Rushdie's words, and furthermore would breach the neutrality of UTSC. But what about the Muslims on campus who are hurt by UTSC's affiliation with the book? Is it fair to ignore their feelings? No. We are in a catch22 situation. It is a given that catch22 situations are unsolvable dilemmas. We simply have to live with them.

UTSC has made one approach to the whole ordeal with their sensitive approach to the novel. I am in the class that teaches this book. What we did, was read the sections that are less offensive. Basically, The Satanic Verses is made up of two stories. We simply read the story that is not as controversial. Is this a suitable solution? Probably not, but it will have to do. Catch22.

There are no solutions for problems like these. Even when each side of the debate tries to lean towards some sort of solution, absolute satisfaction is not achieved. Who would have ever thought that our greatest claim to fame (diversity), would also deprive some students of a comfortable learning experience.

I would suggest that we as a student body honor and live by the term "neutrality." That is the only expression that I could find that would work in this issue. When you enter the grounds of UTSC, you are on neutral ground, and that neutrality is the one link we all share regardless of religion or personal differences.

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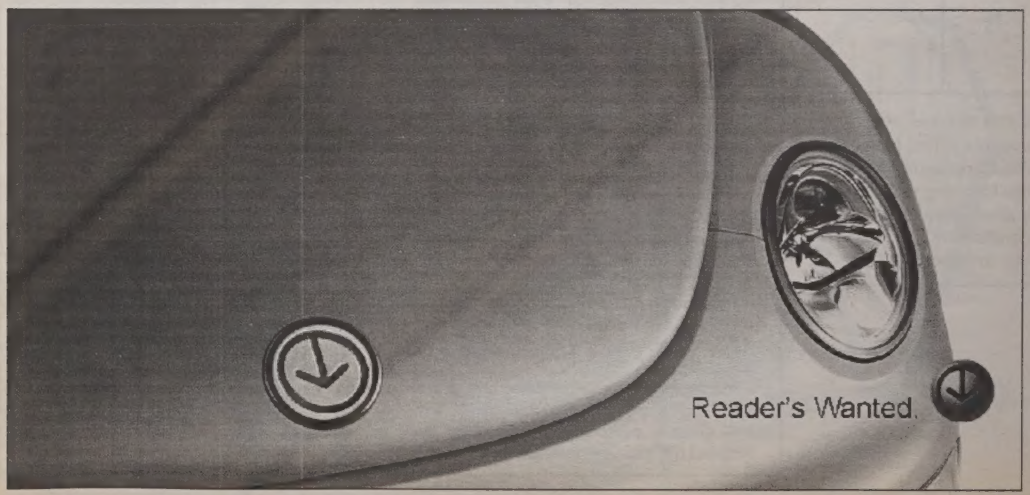

"Drink The Kool-aid, Fuckass!"

Is it or isn't it a cult? How to know when to run...

Sachin "Promise Keeper Since 1986" Hingoo
Associate Editor

You enter the building, catching the faint scent of incense as you walk through the door. Elaborate paintings adorn the walls, making you take a step back in awe. But you are drawn in, inexplicably, and you sit down.

Before you stands a man, someone who would seem diminutive in stature if you were to meet him on the street, but here in this place, he seems larger than life. He speaks charismatically, and despite the fact that the room is filled with people, he seems to speak directly to you, like no one else is here. He describes your life, your problems, and ways to deal with them. It makes so much sense when you say it like that, you think several times during the sermon. The music begins, an uplifting song that everyone seems to know but you. You want to be a part of this. You want to feel whole again.

It seems as though the speaker has read your mind. He begins talking about bringing new members 'into the fold' and 'showing them the path'. He says that it's so easy to join the movement. All that's needed is a small donation, for which you will receive a book, ostensibly written by the speaker, or in a larger congregation, God. You gratefully shell out the money, not realizing that 'small' isn't that small. You don't care. You're part of something bigger than yourself. You've found that missing piece in your life.

So do you have faith, or are you being duped? When it comes to cults and religions, the line can be hard to see, especially if you're in the middle of it. On one hand, your life sucks. Your problems seem insurmountable. On the other hand, you have a large group of kindred spirits, all claiming to have found peace and security through their congregation. The choice seems simple, but anyone living in Waco, Texas will tell you the danger that can result from joining a cult. Because of Waco and other such incidents, certain criteria have been outlined to distinguish between cults and religions. This criteria is based on Robert Jay Lifton's eight-point theory of coercion and mind-control. Basically, if a congregation meets these eight points, it can be safely said that it is attempting to exert psychological control over its members.

"EEK! Scary Cult Kool-Aid Man! Run for you lives!"

If that rad new club you just joined (ahem! I Am Canadian...) meets the following criteria, you've joined a cult! Be careful kids.... and don't talk to strangers.

1. ENVIRONMENT CONTROL
- placing limits on outside communication, including books, magazines, or other material from outside the cult. Even contact with family may be frowned-upon. "Join us and separate from your problems"

2. MYSTICAL MANIPULATION
- employing 'miracles' or other mystical phenomena to dazzle and wow a potential member. "Water into wine, baby! OH YEAH!"

3. DEMAND FOR PURITY
- claiming to bring about some profound change in the world on a global, social, or personal level. "Perfection can be attained if you stay with us."

4. CULT OF CONFESSION
- demanding full self-disclosure to other members or even the entire group. "Unburden yourself, my child."

5.SACRED SCIENCE
- The doctrine is uncontestable. Everything and anything can be explained with the group's perspective, and it is the ABSOLUTE truth, without question.

6. LOADED LANGUAGE
- the use of pat or clichéd phrases which are heard repeated verboten by other members of the group. The terminology prevents each member from critically evaluating any situation.

7. DOCTRINE OVER PERSON
- Everything that came before joining the group is explained through the doctrine, even if it conflicts with the group's beliefs.

8. DISPENSING OF EXISTENCE
- The only path to salvation is through the group. Non-members are irrevocably doomed.

In tandem, these methods of coercion can be used to make people behave in ways that they might not normally behave. The term 'mind control' is applicable here in a very real sense. Just make sure that you know the warning signs, and that if you are being influenced in any way, just get out of there before the firebombing starts, ok? Or at least make sure you know where they keep the hose.

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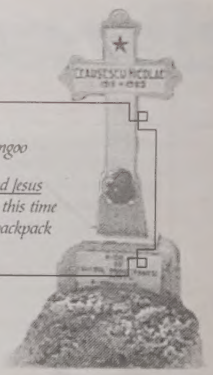


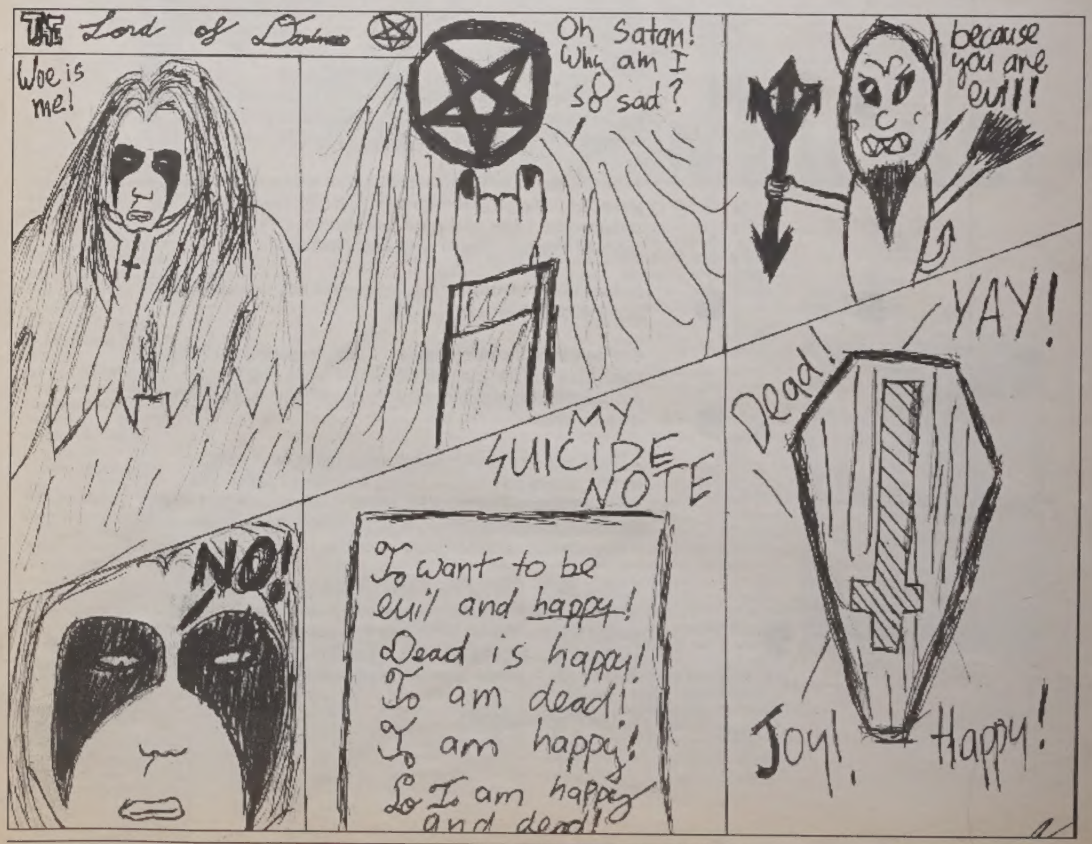
by Sachin Hingoo

Weekly Haiku

I have found Jesus
Even after all this time
He's in my backpack

comics

comics

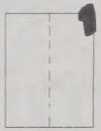


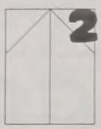
diversions

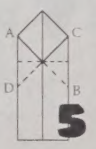
diversions

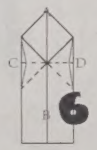
by
Kelly Lisle
& Ayshia Degia

Due to the success of team diversions' last attempt at origami, we have decided to have one more go at it. This time instead of a penis, we have provided the instructions for a paper airplane. Don't be discouraged. This is no ordinary paper airplane. This plane, which has been nicknamed 'the flying fish', flies with incredible force and precision. Just like the actual flying fish that I have frozen in my freezer. I threw one at my housemate Krista last Thursday and it hit her square in the jaw.









1. Make the normal fold down the middle as shown on the left and then re-open the paper flat (but with a crease down the middle).

2. Then fold in the top left hand corner to the centre line and the top right hand corner in the same manner along the diagonal dotted lines shown on the left this should give you the form shown below (grey denotes the "underside" of the sheet of paper)

3. Fold the two sides EQUALLY in to the centre line along the dotted lines shown on the left. This should give the symmetric form displayed below

4. Simply fold point A to meet point B as shown on the left. Make this fold along the dotted line and then crease hard and open the paper again then fold along this line in the opposite direction, crease hard and unfold again.

5. Now fold C to meet D (indicated on the left), crease hard and unfold. Repeat with A and B.

6. Press in on the points marked C and D pushing the paper up along the fold made in Step 4 and giving the pushed inwards and upwards sides hopefully indicated in the diagram below.

7. Now fold up point A marked on the left to meet point B. This should only involve folding up a flap of paper. The crease should be made VERY HARD and then unfolded and this flap tucked inside the nose of the plane. There should be a very obvious pocket in which to do this.

8. Now simply fold out the undercarriage as shown on the left to give the finished product shown below. This final form should then be thrown by holding the pocket mentioned in Step 7 and angling the nose of the plane very slightly downwards. A gentle throw will result in a long glide.

9. The finished product.

sports

CHAMPIONS!

UTSC Men's B Division Volleyball

Herbie Ku
Photos: Elvia Law

It was a fantastic finish to the season for the Men's B Division volleyball team. After disposing of St. Mike's College in the semifinals, the team was off to the championship game where they were set to square off against Pharmacy. In an earlier match during the regular season, these two same teams battled it out, with Pharmacy emerging victoriously and handing Scarborough its one and only loss of the season. UTSC was eagerly looking for payback, and earning a victory would be much sweeter given the magnitude of the game.

Entering the finals, the odds were stacked against UTSC. As the visitors, the team had to play on the road and in the opposing team's gym - a hostile environment to say the least. Moreover, the Pharmacy club was mainly comprised of 6-foot players whereas UTSC had significantly undersized players. However, what the team lacked in size, they made up in heart and sheer determination. Add to the fact that "superfans" Elvia Law, Paul da Silva, and Emily Stanimirovic came to support the team on the road, something magical was about to happen that night.

The starting unit jumped off to a quick start and set the tone early against the opposition. The impenetrable blocking and solid defense of UTSC constantly flustered the Pharmacy offence. Meanwhile, the Scarborough offence was operating on all cylinders, converting picture-perfect sets into punishing and devastating spikes. After the dust had settled, UTSC emerged victoriously from the first set by a margin of 25-12.

The second unit was sent out for the following set, hoping to close out the game and bring home the championship back to Scarborough. However, the Pharmacy club made adjustments during the break and began to show poise and a sense of urgency that was lacking in the first set. This proved to make the task for the second squad much more difficult. Although UTSC fought hard and valiantly throughout the second set, they were simply too undersized and fell by the score of 25-18.

This would set up a fantastic and scintillating finish to the championship game - the dramatic and decisive third set. You can easily sense the tension and pressure being felt by bought teams entering the final frame. Unfortunately, UTSC flinched first and committed several unforced errors to fall behind early. Seeing as the starters were cold and slightly jittery, Scarborough quickly called a timeout to regroup and calm itself down. This proved to be a critical turning point in the match, as UTSC quickly erased the deficit and stormed to an 8-6 lead as the team changed sides. The visiting team continued to build on that momentum, stretching the lead to 13-7 including a devastating spike that literally leveled a Pharmacy player off his forehead and leaving him sprawled over the court. With the championship only two points away, UTSC began to let up, which allowed Pharmacy to make its way back into the game. Tallying 5 straight unanswered points, the home team erased the deficit to only one. However, using their "never-say-die" attitude, UTSC dug deep and began to resort to the type of play that made them successful throughout the season. On the next play Scarborough put up a 3-man block that rejected a weak spike from Pharmacy, putting the score to 14-12. On the ensuing rally, UTSC committed an unforced error that gave some hope to the opposition. However, that optimism was quickly crushed as UTSC, with the game on the line, ran a flawless offensive set that allowed the middle hitter to attack an uncontested shot. And just like that, it was game, set and match. UTSC - Grand Champions.

Pandemonium ensued on the court, with some players waving towels in the air while others were jumping on top of each other. After months of grueling practices and games, their efforts culminated in the most prized possession - the championship trophy. Players began to hoist their crowning achievement; a feat that many teams aspire to accomplish at the end of the season but only UTSC can proudly savor. For this season, and more importantly this night, it belonged to UTSC and UTSC alone.

events

events

If you know of an event that might benefit from a little bit of buzz (i.e. Ticketmaster is not involved) let us know by sending an email with "EVENTS" in the subject line to: *undergnd@utsc.utoronto.ca*

***The Underground* and its staff do not guarantee any information printed in this listing. Do to the often sketchy nature of such events, the details are liable to change, or be outright false. Make use of any contact information provided beforehand.... and otherwise, have fun!**

Feb 1-9 First Aid and CPR Courses Brought to you by the ABCS. Two different courses. $70 ABCS members. $80 non-members. Contact 99doudad@utsc.utoronto.ca

Feb 2 Homeland Security - SMERK (^) & DROSS:TIK RECORDS PRESENT SAN FRANCISCO'S OPTIC (ISOLATE) AND NYC'S RENEGADE VIRUS CREW, FEATURING AMOK, XYLENE, FURY8, NAKEDSLICE, FOODSTAMPZ, METROPHAGE AND NOBODY. CLUB 56 (56 KENSINGTON). $3 19+.

Feb. 2 - Feb. 8 Peace Week. Campus Chaplain's Association facilitates... speakers include: Jody Williams, Stephen Lewis, Craig Kielburger, Zanana Akande and Gwynne Dyer. More info (416) 888-8535, gfs.khalsa@utoronto.ca

3 Feb-10 Feb--10-noon--Apprentice as a Bricklayer!! Youth Employment Services, 555 Richmond Street West, Toronto. Presenting: DAN ATTFIELD ON BRICKLAYING. DEMONSTRATION IN PROGRESS - RIGHT BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES! SPEAK WITH AN EXPERT. FIND OUT ABOUT THE GREAT OPPORTUNITIES IN THIS FIELD! To register, call: (416) 504-5516. LAY THE BRICKS! LAY THEM!

5 FEB--3pm in the SVC--Free Admission--All are welcome. Info: 416.287.7076 STEPHANIE BOLSTER. If you saw 'Alice' at the LLBT, you won't want to miss this poet's interpretation of Alice in Wonderland, her journey, and to the imagined figure of 'Alice out of Wonderland'--on a Vancouver beach with the poet, underground with Persephone, in Memphis with Elvis.

5 Feb--8:30pm--Small Jazz Ensembles--Edward Johnson Building, 80 Queen's Park. Room: Walter Hall Price. 416-978-3744 Meiko Lydall.

6 Feb 5PM--Forum on Iraq. The Hart House Debates Committee presents a forum on War in Iraq. Moderated by Margaret MacMillan, provost of Trinity College. All voices and opinions invited and welcome. Hart House: 7 Hart House Circle: Debates Room.

6 Feb--noon to 2--How the Media Affects the Peace Process--Munk Centre for International Studies 1 Devonshire Place (South House), Vivian and David Campbell Conference Facility. Toronto Professor Gadi Wolfsfeld speaks. Light Kosher Lunch RSVP attendance to events.munk@utoronto.ca or phone 416 946-8194

Feb. 6 Drum Social, Native Canadian Centre of Toronto. 16 Spadina Rd. North of Bloor. 7 - 9pm.

Feb. 7 United We Shine Talent Competition. Celebrate the accomplishments of Toronto's African-Canadian youth. Central Commerce Collegiate Institute, 570 Shaw. 7pm. email: yese@lefca.com

Feb. 7 Kathryn Rose, video release at Healey's. $10 at the door. Doors at 9pm. 19+

Feb 8 Black on Black Crime. Inspired by actual events. York University's Burton Auditorium. 4700 Keele Street. 7PM. Tickets are $15 advance, $20 at door.

8 Feb--9:30-noon--Self Care Through Creative Expression--Training Room, 119 Isabella Street. After attending this workshop you will have experienced Art Therapy techniques and discovered creative strategies to manage stress. For more information: Casey House tel: 416-962-4040 x226

8 Feb--1 to 4--Metro Network for Social Justice invites you to their Annual General Meeting. TTC token will be provided and Refreshment will be served as well. For more information and registration contact Oona Padgham at MNSJ: (416) 351-0095x237, 519 Church Street, Wellesly and Church Street

9 Feb 12:30-3:30--HOW CAN WE STOP RACISM?- Ellesmere Community Centre, 20 Canadian Road, Scarborough. A panel will be moderated by Raphi Vigod of the CBC. Panellists include Alexandra Battisdon from The Friends of Simon Wiesenthal Centre; Cheuk Kwan, Executive Director of the Harmony Movement in Canada; Yvonne Bobb Diablo, a union activist; Detective James Hogan of the Toronto Police Anti-Hate Squad; and Ali Mallah of the Canadian Arab Federation. The floor will be opened up to the members of the community to hear their viewpoints and suggestions. For further information, please contact Lauri Sue Robertson - (416) 267-9600

11 Feb 10AM-1PM--Office Workers Career Centre Workshop on ADAPTING TO CHANGE. Office Workers Career Centre, 365 Bloor Street East, Toronto. Do you wince, hesitate or rebel when a change in routine is mentioned? Are you uncomfortable with change even when you see it coming? If you answered yes to these questions, then it's time for this workshop! It's time to learn the 5 critical components for effective change. If you are an unemployed administrative worker call us to register for an orientation and to book a workshop (Limited seating) Eligibility: One year continuous office experience

12 Feb--7:30 pm- 9:00 pm--Watts Lecture. The 30th annual Watts Memorial Lecture will be held in the Meeting Place. The featured lecturer is Preston Manning, and his speech is entitled "Changing the National Agenda". Admission is free - all are welcome. For more information e-mail: joyce@utsc.utoronto.ca.

Feb 13 LIFE IN THE SO-CALLED SPACE AGE Grand Opening. DJ Lazarus presents futurepop, ebm, and retro in the main room while Phink spins electro and psy trance in the back. $2.50 domestics all night. Free. ZEN Lounge (526 Queen St. W.)

Feb. 13 SCSU Spring Election Nomination Period - Closes

Feb. 13 Mosaic Culture Show

16 Feb--1-5PM--Curling Bonsp1iel--The Boulevard Club, 1491 Lake Shore Blvd. West, Toronto. A four hour curling event for non-curlers and experienced curlers alike. Equipment provided. Dress Warm. $50.00 per person. All proceeds support Student Life Education Company. Contact: Jen: 416-243-1338

17 Feb 6--8:30PM--South Asian Cooking for Your Heart Series. Knox Christian Centre, 2575 Midland Aveneue. Come and learn about healthy South Asian Cooking. Free. Feb 7 (416) 338 7467

Feb. 20 Drum Social, Native Canadian Centre of Toronto. 16 Spadina Rd. North of Bloor. 7 - 9pm.

Feb. 20 Midnight Rainbow CD Release: Never Too Late. Medallian Community Centre, 7pm. $5 cover, or $20 with Midnight Rainbow CD. Call 647-271-0893.

22 Feb--YWCA Women's Play Day--9 am--Danforth Collegiate in Riverdale, 1 block west of Greenwood subway, just north of Danforth, Toronto. The YWCA of Greater Toronto is hosting this fabulous new event for women. Spend a day attending 'Funshops' such as Pilates, Desperation Dinners, Erotic Dancing, Aromatherapy, and who knows what else. There will be 40 uber-trendy Funshops to choose from.

Feb. 25 Jim Guthrie and the Crying Out Loud Choir. El Mocambo, phone 416-777-1777 for info.

Feb. 25 - Mar. 4 SCSU Spring Election Campaign Period

Feb. 27 SCSU Spring Election Candidate Forum

Feb. 27 SCSU Social

Mar. 5-6 SCSU Spring Elections

Mar. 15 UTSC Annual Spring Formal

Apr. 1 SCSU Annual Year-End BBQ

The Underground Online... it's almost better than porn

http://www.utsc.utoronto.ca/~undergnd/